

A New SONG on the BIRTH-DAY of his Most Gracious MAJESTY
KING GEORGE the Third.



BRITONS Rejoice upon this happy
 Morn,
 On which your king great George the third
 was born,
 Hark how the Bells in Steeples ring,
 While loyal Souls do joyful sing,
 All striving most the Praise to sing,
 Of King George the Third.

Hark how the thundering Cannons roar,
 Proclaiming of the day from shore to shore,
 What need we fear proud France or Spain
 While we reign lords of all the main,
 The rights of England we'll maintain.
 For King George the Third.

Edward the third her darling fav'rite son,
 He conquer'd France when they were
 ten to one,
 When we did conquer Martinique,
 How the paltrons away did sneak,
 Our soldiers they did boldy speak,
 For King George the Third

Come let us all our Glasses advance,
 And drink Confusion to Hungary and
 France,
 And Spain may likewise rue the day,
 The Antigal" they shew'd foul play,
 Ye british tars aloud huzza!
 For King George the Third

The Meadows and plains with Verdure
 now are seen,
 And the Lads with their Lasses skip it on
 the green,
 The Flowers, trees, and all are gay,
 The sportive Lambkins frisk and play,
 Upon the *Happy Birth Day*,
 Of King George the Third.

Bold Invaders shall always lose their cause
 To subvert our government our liberty and
 laws
 For all true hearts will them withstand,
 And quickly drive them from this land
 We all will fight with sword in hand.
 For King George the Third.

His majesty and his most gracious queen,
 Upon this day with pleasure they are seen,
 God bless the happy happy pair,
 And send to them a royal heir,
 We should rejoice I do declare,
 With King George the Third

Britons come fill your Glasses high,
 And let us drink good health to their ma-
 jesty's,
 And that we may successful be,
 In this War by land and Sea,
 May all true Britons join with me,
 For King George the Third.

Printed by C. Smith. in Holborn.